



# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



J. Oppen

THE SEA-SERPENT SEASON UPON US AGAIN.

THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROBABLE FEAT OF THE SENSATION-NEWSPAPER MAN'S IMAGINATION.



#### OUT OF IT.

I have a little maiden friend  
Who never, never plays;  
She's most sedate and prim, and has  
Such quaint old-fashioned ways;  
She never dreams of romping round,  
Or playing tom-boy tricks;  
She's such a quiet little maid,  
And her age is fifty-six.

#### THE SUMMER GIRL'S IDEA.

**S**HE WAS a fluffy bit of a Summer Girl, and the man in the case should have been equal to the occasion.

It is really remarkable how many unequal men there are in cases of this kind.

He had deftly guided her into a charming spot overlooking a sweet little view of the valley from a shady nook on the mountain-side, hedged in by interlacing vines and a wild rose or two; and there he sat gazing at her with that peculiar look of rapture it is so easy for a young man in a pink shirt and tan shoes to assume.

But she never noticed a single thing. She just chattered along about dances and drives, and the other diversions the Summer hotel-keeper always provides, and the young man swallowed it down as if he were drinking the best quality of imported nectar.

After a time, however, he began to turn the conversation in his own direction; and she was Summer Girl enough to let it go that way.

Then he became intense.

"May I ask you a question?" he said to her in almost tragic tones.

"Certainly," she responded. "A dozen if you want. We have plenty of time."

"I have only one," he said, seriously.

"Very well;" this with an air of beautiful submission.

Being a careful young man, he thought it best not to rush impetuously into the matter, and so he hedged.



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#### NAILING A SLANDER.

FIRST BOY.—I hear this new feller next to you got a medal for good conduct at that last school he used to go to.

SECOND BOY.—It was for 'rithmetic. Was n't any good conduct about it. He's a first-rate feller, he is.



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#### UP-TO-DATE.

The witches nowadays, flying high,  
According to late rumors,  
Go broomstick-riding 'cross the sky  
Clad all in natty bloomers.

"Before I ask it," he said with exceeding gravity, "I want to say to you that this is not an every-day question."

She seemed to be greatly relieved at this explanation, and her face brightened.

"Oh, I'm so glad of it!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I thought you were going to ask me if I would marry you."

He clasped his hands over his beating heart as he pawed the ground for a few moments; and then, sitting down beside her once more, he nonchalantly asked her what a cent became when it was dropped into the Red Sea; but, all the same, the sunshine of hope had been clouded over forever.

W. J. Lampton.



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"A DARK OUTLOOK."

#### TAKING THEIR MEALS OUT.

GUEST.—One cracker and a beer.

WAITER.—Same for you, sir?

SECOND GUEST.—Yes; hold on—I guess one portion of cracker will be enough for both of us.

#### DISAPPOINTING INTELLIGENCE.

CARDER.—What's this I see in the papers about old man Gladstone breaking his pair?

DECKER.—Oh, something about voting in Parliament, I believe!

CARDER.—Pshaw! I thought the old gent was drawing for a flush!



# "THE PHILISTINES"

O H, LOFTY the air of the proud Philistine  
When he comes with his clan in Bohemia to dine!  
His smirk is superb and his shirt front a-shine,  
And heavy the purse of the proud Philistine.

There's Dauber who "pictures," and Inkwell who "scribes,"  
To play the Maecenas with both he imbibes;  
He'll patronize wit, by a purchase of wine,  
A dollarful soul hath the gay Philistine.

We'll drink of his bottles with pleasure intense,  
With jests, we will tickle his stock jobbing sense;  
Oh! *manes* of Mürger, what rapture is mine  
When smiting the purse of the gross Philistine!

But, stay! — there's the dear little Philistiness,  
With her smile of surprise, and her tailor-made dress; —  
She's charming, in sooth, and her glances betray  
That she likes, now and then, in Bohemia to stray.

With mahlstick and quill would we cleave to the chine  
Yon fat-bellied purse of the proud Philistine! —  
But a truce to the foe! — we will spare him, I guess,  
For the sake of the smiles of his Philistiness.

Gerald Brennan.



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## OVERSTAYED THE INSPIRATION.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN. — But, deah boy, why did n't you write a book about America?

SECOND ENGLISHMAN (*surprised*). — Why, my deah fellow, did n't you know I was out theah ovah a yeah?

## THE WAY TO LOOK AT IT.

"How shall I sign this letter to the paper — *Vox Populi*?"  
"No; don't let them know you are in a hopeless minority on the question."

## A SPEEDER.

LEA. — I hear that Miss Spinnerly is fast.  
PERRINS. — You bet she is! She holds the two-mile championship in the bloomer class.

## THE TEMPTER.

I 'SE BIN down in de Kernel's lot,  
Wheah de watermillions grow;  
De bigges' one down dere I 'se got,  
Hit 's ripe an' sweet, I know.

Eber since Mammy jined de church —  
Dat was las' Chewsday week —  
Hain't had nuffin' to eat but perch  
Dat Pap ketched in de creek.

An' he haint 'lowed no mo'  
Out nites ter git us chicking;  
An' ef I *steals* she promis' sho'  
I gits a drefful licking.

But I 'se bin down in de Kernel's lot,  
Wheah de watermillions grow;  
De bigges' one down dere I got,  
Hit 's ripe an' sweet, I know.

Do' Mammy comes out wid dat stick,  
'Deed, Chile, she won't lam me;  
She 'll see dis melon, backslide quick,  
Dat 's too much fo' Mammy!

R. L. M.

BERNSTEIN. — Why is Isaacson holding a fire sale? He has n't had a fire recently in his clothing store.

COHEN. — Oh, yes he has! He fired the night-watchman last week.

BRINNICK. — A woman does n't know what it means to be in love until she is over thirty.

CYNIC. — And then she does n't care.

CARRUTHERS. — Were you really as drunk as you seemed last night?

WAITES. — Well, that depends; I was not as drunk as I seemed to you, and a great deal drunker than I seemed to myself.



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## THE LAST RESORT.

MINNIE. — Is it very dull here?

MAY. — Dull? I have read two books.





STRAY NOTES AND COMMENTS ON HIS SIMPLE LIFE.

## IV.

## THE BUILDING CRAZE.

I DROPPED IN to see my young friend Pinxter the other night. I knew that it was Mrs. Pinxter's Singing Society night, and I thought that Pinxter might be lonely. He has not been long enough in the town for people to get in the way of dropping in on him; and he can not go out when his wife is absent; for they are on their first baby, and they don't think it ought to be left alone with the nurse. On such occasions Pinxter is generally almost effusively grateful for my visits.

But the other night I noticed a marked difference in his manner. I could not call him cool; indeed, he remarked, in the course of conversation, that he had never met such friends anywhere as he had met in our town, and that I was the dearest of them. But he certainly was absent-minded and preoccupied, and could not help showing some slight signs of relief and satisfaction when I got up to depart, after a very brief stay.

Do not think that I was offended at my reception, and left early for that reason. I was not in the least hurt. As I was approaching the room through the hallway, I had seen Pinxter hastily slip some loose sheets

of paper into a big flat book, like an atlas, and thrust the book under the side-board. During all my call his left hand was playing with a newly sharpened drawing-pencil. Having seen this much, I had but to look at his abstracted countenance, and to calculate the length of his residence in the suburbs, to know perfectly well that Pinxter was under the spell of the Building Craze, and dead to the social world for the time being.

I have seen so many, many cases that it is an old story to me; especially as one case differs from another only in degree of virulence, and not at all in character. Pinxter's will be like every other case that I have seen; and the breaking out of the fever at the normal and usual period only shows that he is a natural-born suburbanite, for such alone does the disease attack. A man who can live a year in a growing suburban town without wanting to build is a man whom Fate is pointing with inexorable finger to the penal cells of a New York flat.

The disease usually begins to fasten itself on young people like the Pinxters during their first Summer in the suburbs. Its approach is gentle, but insidious. It begins to come on when they find that they are permitted to roam at will over cottages in process of construction. This is a new and strange joy, and at first they go about in simple, unaffected wonderment, making innocent guesses at the mysteries of carpentry and mason-work. Then they get bolder and begin to criticise and offer suggestions, which last are rejected by the mechanics with profound scorn and a flow of technical language that utterly abashes the suggester.

But nothing checks the progress of the disease when it has once started on its course. In the next stage, the victim begins to learn the technical talk for himself. By the end of the Summer it is not uncommon to hear the victims using lightly and airily such words as: "flashing," "rabbet," "mould-board," "valley" and "pop-out." Some even learn that in the building trades there is no change in the plural of certain familiar names, such as "sash," "strip," "blind" and "joist;" and that "cornice" is not pronounced as it is spelled. That is, for instance, the professional builder does not say "those cornices," but "them cornish."

Then comes the Fall, and they see the buildings finished that were a while ago only a mystery of naked timbers. Until the new occupants move in, they may still roam through the bare rooms, and pick out what they don't like about each house. And when the tenants move in, there is the delight of calling upon them, and finding out what *they* think of the habitations that are supposed to have been shaped to fit them.

Winter, of course, puts an end to all this; but it initiates the most interesting and active stage of the disease. The Pinxters begin to DRAW PLANS.

The first plan that Pinxter draws will be drawn on the back of an

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envelope. It will be a simple geometrical figure—a Maltese Cross, perhaps, or an L, or a semi-circle, and he will submit it to his friends, and ask them if they don't think that would be a good shape for a house. He will find that his friends do not seem to be particularly impressed; and, after a while, he, himself, will begin to feel that there is something unsatisfactory about it; and that it requires an effort of the imagination to connect that empty outline with the idea of a habitable house. So he fills it up with rooms, pretty much at random, and tries it on his friends again—"just as a rough idea, you know." Then hard, unsympathetic persons will call his attention to the fact that his front vestibule is larger than his parlor, and that it is unusual, to say the least, to have a dining-room that occupies more than half of the house, and that is accessible only through the kitchen and butler's pantry.

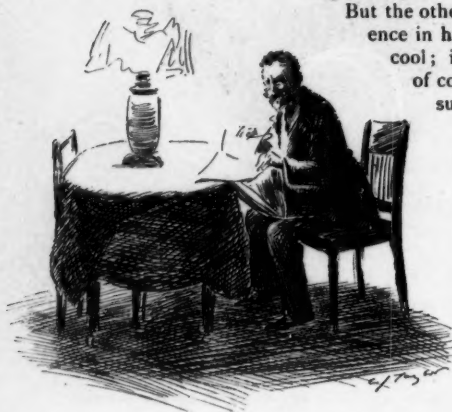
He begins to see that there are realms of architectural knowledge which it behooves him to explore, if he wants to get people to look at his plans. So he stops at the railway news-stand and buys a twenty-five cent book of ready-made dwelling plans. Of course he despises the plans; not because they are despicable—as they certainly are—but because the book cost twenty-five cents and not one dollar. However, he acquires from the book the art and mystery of drawing plans; and, with the aid of a foot rule and a T-square, he finds himself able to turn out a couple of dozen in the course of a single evening.

Of course he does not get just what he wants right at first. He did not expect to. Building a house is a serious matter, and his means are limited. By this time, too, he has discovered the fact that the size of his house must be fixed by the size of his pile; and that the proportion of one to the other is to be determined by a mathematical calculation of a very strict and inflexible sort. This does not really trouble him. He finds that for the money he has to spend he can get a house thirty-five feet square. But, then, he really does not want anything larger. All that he has to do is to utilize the space at his disposal to the best advantage. So he sets to work and draws plans, and more plans, and other plans, and different plans again. By this time he has got to doing his work privately and keeping it to himself, so long as it is in the experimental stages. He sees other suburbanites of recent establishment trying the patience of their friends with plans born too young; and he determines that *he* will make no such mistake. When he finally settles upon his plan, it shall be one that is open to no criticism, and that will be instantly accepted, by all who see it, as the ideal house to be constructed in that space for that amount of money. And, when it is done, he will bring it to me and exhibit it with an aspect in which defiant pride blends with patronizing superiority, and he will say to me:

"There! if there's anything wrong with that, I would like you to let me know what it is."

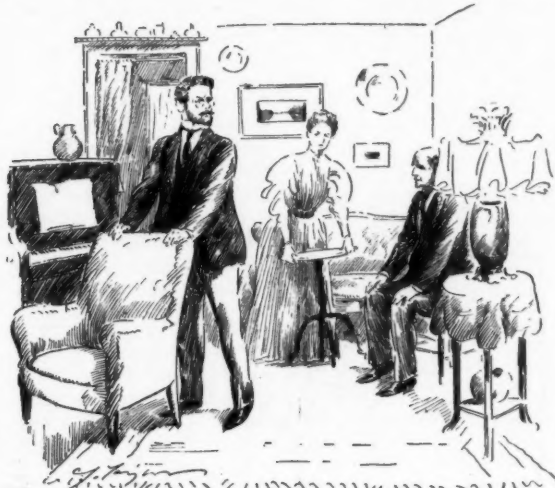
Oh, how well I know that plan! It is neatly ruled out on a single sheet of paper; but no single sheet of paper could contain all its glory. It looks at first glance like the ground-map of a municipal building with an orphan asylum annex. Pinxter sits down by me and explains it all, pointing out its beauties with a lead pencil.

"This is the front door," he says, "and here is the vestibule. I've





made that good and roomy. I hate these cramped little entrances, don't you? You see, I have left space here for a hat-rack and an umbrella-stand, and on the other side there are shelves, and a little cupboard to hang coats in. And here, you see, is a place for the baby-carriage, and right opposite it is a locker for my tennis things. Oh, I've thought it all out. Now we come into the hall. I like a good big hall, don't you? I got the idea for this one from one I saw in the house of one of those Standard Oil fellows on Long Island somewhere. You see, I figured to get it big enough to play a game of badminton in. May be that's unnecessarily large, but that's better than being all cramped up, you know. Now, there's the dining-room. May be I might have cut that down a little bit, but my great-aunt has left me her mahogany dining-table in her will, and that seats twenty-two people, you know. Perhaps we should n't really want to use it, but I thought I would take it into consideration. Here's the library: I have n't got books enough to fill it yet; but you must think of the future, you know. This is the drawing-room, with three bay-windows opening on the garden. Won't that be nice in Summer? And for the Winter I've designed this alcove for an ingle-nook, with a great big old-fashioned fireplace; and a long settee on each side of it. That brings us around to the kitchen; and there I've had to cramp



a little to keep within the bounds of space — but ten feet by eleven-and-a-half is quite ample, don't you think so? This little odd corner here I've utilized for my den — just a cozy, snug little place, big enough to put a billiard table in if I should want to. Oh! I tell you, I've used up every inch of space. And now tell me candidly, Sage, do you think that, considering what the house is going to cost, I really could get anything more than I have got out of those dimensions?"

I tell him that I don't see how he possibly could; and he is so pleased



#### HIS SPECIALTY.

FARMER HAYRAKE.—Did your son learn anything at college?  
FARMER OATSTRAW.—Yes; I gave him a hammer to mend the barn with, and he threw it so far I hain't been able to find it.



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#### NOT BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

DINKLEBAUM.—Vat's der matter, Isaacs? You look vorriet.  
ISAACS.—Vorriet? S' hellup me gracious! I vos nearly grazey. I haf now no chance to make a brofitable investment mit mein store no more. I schoost yesterday gets me mein entire stock insured for double its value, und der landlort goes undt rents der floor above for a schwimmin' school undt der basement to a fire-exdinguisher gongern.

by my saying so, that, in a burst of unselfish gratitude, he offers to leave the plan with me over night to feast my eyes on until I go to bed, if I will solemnly engage to give it to him at the station in the morning.

And, as his footsteps go out of hearing down the gravel-walk, I take a pencil and add up the little figures that freckle his neatly drawn plan — 7x11, 9x14 — and so on. His thirty-five foot-square house is 72 feet one way by 92 ½ the other.

Next Winter, when Mrs. Sage and I go to call upon the Pinxters in their new house, Pinxter will move the big arm-chair out of the parlor to make room for unfolding the card-table, and he will say to me, in a casual way: "You see, I had to make a few minor alterations in my original plan. But if ever I build another house —"

That, however, is looking too far ahead. Even at the plan-drawing point, Pinxter is only in the incipency of the disease. There are several interesting phases to record before Pinxter gets where he is able to talk about "another house."

#### A STAR.

The seaside girl — a perfect hummer  
Of beauty all sublime, —  
An actress is to play ten Summer  
Engagements at a time.

#### NOTHING TO RUB IT WITH.

LITTLE CLARENCE. — I heard  
Pa talking last night about a baby  
being born without any hands.

LITTLE BOB. — Well, that's too  
bad! What will he do when he  
has the stomachache?

#### WHAT HE DREADED.

LEA. — Great heavens! old man, I have suffered three days  
and nights of sleepless agony from this raging toothache!  
PERRINS. — Why don't you get it pulled?  
LEA. — I would; but I'm afraid it would hurt!

[F YOU don't happen to like the man who is noted for his versatility, you can refer to him as a jack-of-all-trades.





I.



II.



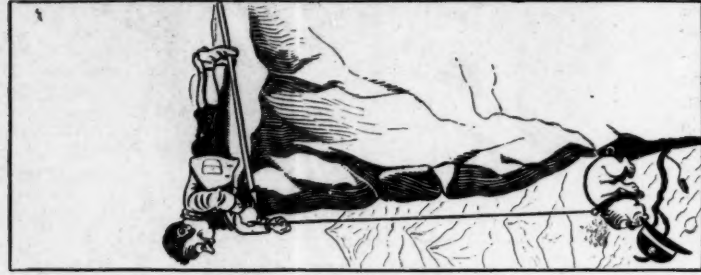
III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.

# ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

**ANK BITTERS** (*an Oklahoma citizen*).—Say, Ike! What in thunder made that red streak around your neck? Somebody been tryin' to lynch you?

**AIKALI IKE** (*sourly*).—Naw! That 's the result of tryin' to keep pace with the Eastern fashions. You see, I learned that thar were goin' to be some young lady tourists at the ball last night, and so I concluded to git myself up in tip-top style, regardless of expenses. Accordin', I went and bought me a nice new celluloid collar and wore it to the ball. Wal, jest as I was congratulatin' myself that I was trimmed up as slick as a circus hoss, I backed into one of the bracket-lamps, and burred if my collar did n't ketch fire like gunpowder and burn up before I could say "turkey!" I believe in my soul it would have burned my fool head off if Appetite Bill had n't poured a bucket of lemonade over me. Style is all right enough when indulged in moderately; but, like everything else, it can be carried to excess.

**MANAGER**.—Have you a phenomenal range?

**PRIMA DONNA**.—I am the only singer who will appear before any kind of seats, from seventy-five cents to five dollars.

"THERE ARE always two sides to a story."

"Er—don't you think it would be nice if you would turn some of yours?"



VIII.

# THEIR MEETING.

A red parasol with black fringe, and the glimpse of a sweet face beneath it, caught his eye.  
"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, starting violently.  
He staggered into a dark area way.  
"Mon Dieu!"  
Fortunately it happened that the prong did not penetrate the cornea, and his sight was preserved.

**MANY A MAN** has retarded his own progress by a firm determination not to play second-fiddle.

# QUITE SUITABLE.

**MR. BLUMENGARTEN**.—No; dot ain'd real chenuine hair in dot mattress. I can'd gif you dot for two dollars undt a helf. Bud id's de very best guality uf excelsior.

**MRS. FINERTY**.—Sure, is that good enough fer me company room?  
**MR. BLUMENGARTEN**.—Der very ding, Ma'am. Ef dot bed ain'd too gomfortable der gompany don'd stay too long!  
How about id?

# TOO SOON.

"Does the widow refuse to be comforted?"

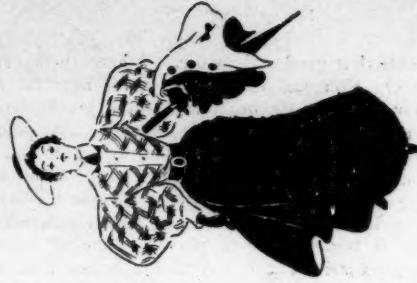
"Oh, I fancy she has n't had any chance yet!"

# UTILITARIAN.

The Summer Girl for the seashore leaves,  
With no trunk or box to bother;  
For her bathing-suit 's tucked in one of her sleeves,  
And her ball-dress in the other.

C. W.

IT IS well to remember that some of the grapes we can't reach really *are* sour.







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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.** THERE ARE certain newspapers in this town of New York — and there is no need of specifying them by name — that are not content to be newspapers like their fellow purveyors of news, preferring to seek a more or less discreditable profit in what is known as the "sensation business." This is a business of an almost infinite variety: its limitations on the side of decency and dignity not having been discovered as yet. But, accustomed as the public has grown to the extravagances of the sensation-making newspaper, one recent development of its ingenuity has caused general surprise, and called forth considerable lively criticism. This was the employment of private detectives to assist the public officials in enforcing the Sunday closing laws. The assistance given involved not only the pointing out of places where the law was violated, but the tempting of liquor dealers to violate the law, and their subsequent denunciation to the courts. Some admirers of this scheme try to excuse it as an outburst of excessive but honest zeal in the good cause of reform; but the most of the plain people did not wholly like the idea of having their newspapers make news in that way; and failed to see how any real lesson of reform could be inculcated by making criminals to hand over to our busy courts and crowded jails.

Twenty years before, the public reception of such a "sensational" would have been very different; but twenty years of living with one bad and corruption-breeding law had so dulled the conscience, and so confused the judgement of our citizens that they were incapable of thinking intelligently and clearly. They could not but see the disgrace and the danger of the misgovernment under which they suffered, but they had no idea whatever how to straighten things out; and in the irritation of their helplessness it was small wonder if they sometimes fell into extravagances of thought and opinion. On the one hand they had the law plainly forbidding the selling or giving away of any form of liquor on Sunday. On the other hand, they had the great bulk of the citizens of the town all firmly determined to drink on Sunday just the same as on other days. And right in front of them they had the saloon-keepers and the police playing a large and lively game of corruption. Small wonder, indeed, that this state of affairs kept up for a score of years should demoralize the most thoughtful and faithful of citizens! But how wide-spread this demoralization is, and how firmly it has taken hold on peoples' minds, we must judge from their apathy to-day in a much more startling posture of affairs. For, lo! the time is come when the Sunday Closing Law is enforced, — and enforced without the aid of private detectives, and without any assistance whatever from the sensational newspapers. A man has been found who will do it, can do it, and does do it. Practically speaking, every saloon in New York has been kept closed every Sunday since Mr. Roosevelt took hold of the job. If the closing of the saloons and the punishment of those who disobey the law are to accomplish any purpose, that purpose is in a better way to be accomplished than it has been at any time before. And now — now that the thing is done that the sensation papers sought to do for the good of the people and for the cause of reform — where now are the sensation papers?

Blackguarding the man who has done the work — every one of them — and trying their best to make him relax his vigilance and put things back where they were before! Now, this conduct, or any similar conduct, on the part of the sensation papers is not in the least surprising. But is it not surprising that the public does not feel and resent the insult of this impudent inconsistency? Could there be a stronger instance of the debasement of civic pride, and the bewilderment of public intelligence that result from the long continued attempt to juggle with right and wrong, and to set public officials to systematic evasion of their sworn duties? Here is no change or difference of opinion. The people have said that they wanted a certain thing done, and wanted certain men to do it. The newspapers have urged their demands for them, and have carried their ardor in the cause to such extremes as the one noted above. And now we have the shameful spectacle of these very papers trying

to lead a revolt against the reform of their own choosing; and committing the piece of effrontery without awakening popular anger, or incurring exemplary rebuke from any source. Such a state of feeling could only be possible in a community where people had too long been straining their wits and hardening their consciences in the service of hypocrisy and unreason, trying to make a Dead Humbug serve as a Living Law.

## AN EXPLANATION.

"I never heard of such tyranny!" exclaimed the South American patriot. "I won't submit to it a moment longer. I will resist to the last —"

"Whom will you resist?" sharply inquired his wife, who had caught only the last few words.

"Oh, not you, my dear! I was only talking about the government."

## A SILVERY SILENCE.

WADE. — So you believe that money talks?

BUTCHER. — Not with Presidential aspirants.

## ONTO HER.

"Hold on there, Amy!" cried the little son of the prominent politician, reprovingly to his elder sister, who was cutting the pie for distribution among the children who clustered around the tea-table. "I'm dead onto you!"

"Why, what's the matter, Jack?"

"You are gerrymandering that there pie; that's what's the matter!"

## NOT QUITE.

"Posing for Trilby?" he said to her,

As he gazed on her shoulders bare;

"Well, no; not altogether, sir,"

Replied the maiden fair.

IF DROPPING water wears away the stone, it is a pity that some of our statues are made of bronze.

MANKIND MAY now be divided into those who ride bicycles, and those who dodge them.

THE NEW woman may be recognized by her preference for creating a sensation rather than a home.

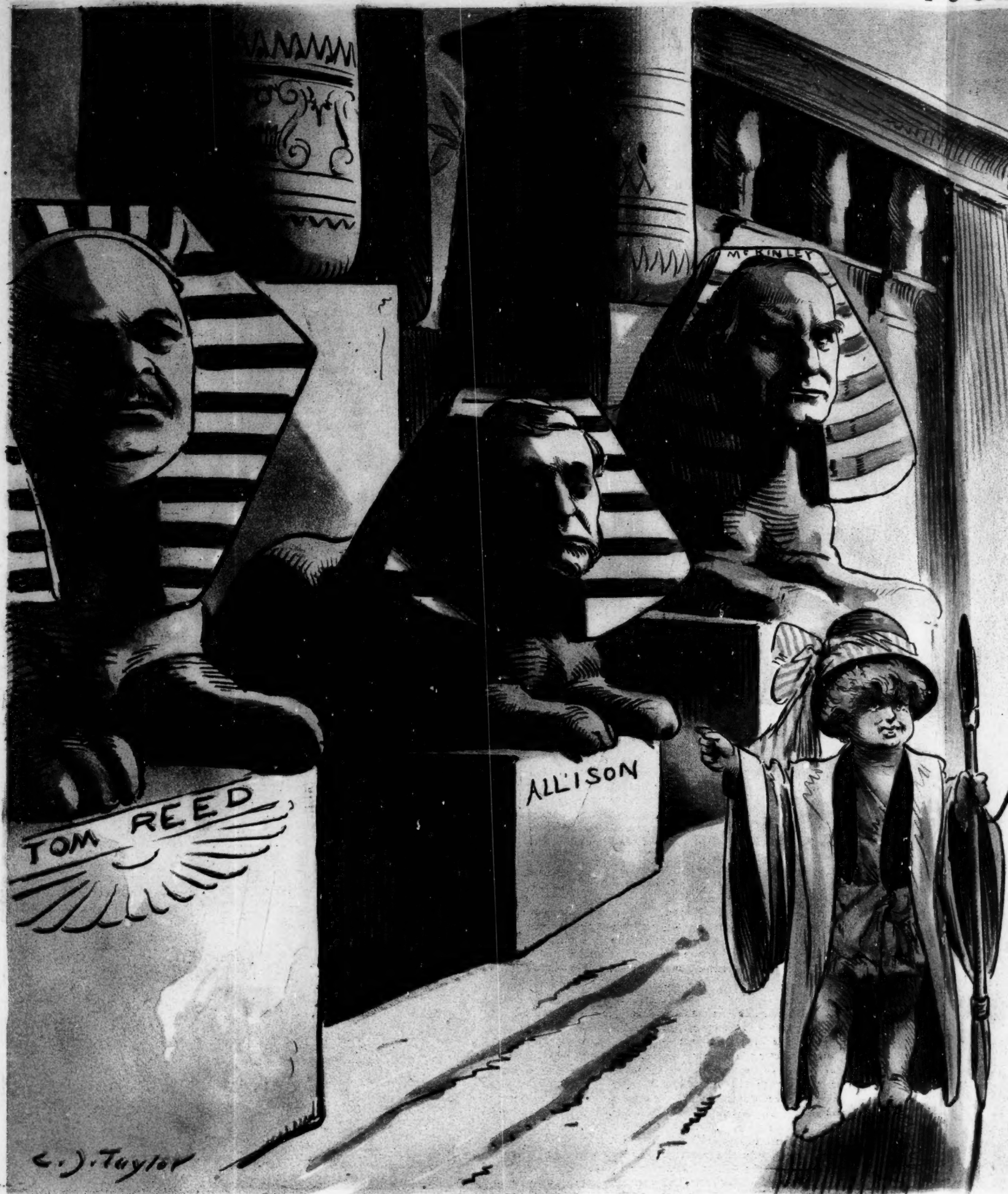


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## THOSE GLEAMING TEETH.

ROUNDSMAN O'HARA. — For the love of hiven! What's the matter, Cooney?

COONEY (the Copper, in horror). — Sure, I just kem round the corner suddint loike an' t'ought I'd run into a half-a-dozen Roosevelts!



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Boston, N.Y.

## AMONG THE SILENT

SCENE.— *The City of Silence in the Land of G. O. P., ferninst the Great Political*

UNCLE SAM.—What means this solemn stillness? These images of seeming stone  
That stand in silence here? B'gosh!

PUCK.—Know ye not the legend of the land of G. O. P.?  
These were the rulers of the land. But there arose

A question that was put to them: that they  
Should say which was of metals better for the needs  
Of merchants in the mart, the tillers of the fields,  
The workman at his bench. A medium of barter and exchange—

Silver of coinage free and plenty in its cheapness,  
Or red, rare gold of solid standard?  
This meant much, and he who answered it aright  
To satisfy the people should be chosen leader over



PUCK.



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# SILENT ONES.

Great Political Desert. — Enter UNCLE SAM with PUCK, his Dragoman.

by in its cheapness,  
ard?  
answered it aright  
chosen leader over all.

UNCLE SAM.—Wal?  
PUCK.—Whereat the leaders of the land of G. O. P.  
In silence turned to stone.  
Here come the people day by day

To fling them at their feet and cry,  
"How do you stand, Ben Harrison, or you, Tom Reed?"  
No answer comes, and then they cry, "And you, O Allison!"  
Or, "Speak up, McKinley!" But still

The silent silver sphinxes sit,  
Waiting to see who first will make a break  
And how the cat will jump.  
UNCLE SAM.—Wal, I be durn!



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THE BASE-BALL CATCHER. — Yes; my business is strictly C. O. D.

#### SHE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

When he came around to the back of the house he found one lone woman shelling peas on the door-step — no other person in sight; no dog. Clearly, this was a time to act boldly.

"Madam," he said, "I don't look it, but I could fell an ox with one blow."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed; "you must be quite a blower — I mean, you must be quite a feller."

"I'm a whirlwind, woman!"

"I s'pose you are sometimes blowin' in one quarter, and sometimes another," she remarked, without apparent agitation; "but I don't think you'll find any quarters around here to blow in, nor any nickels, nor any hot coffee. No," she continued: "I know the difference between a whirlwind and a nasty little fresh

breeze from the fertilizer factory, and I'd a little rather you'd move along. I'm afraid somethin' 'll blow off from you into these peas."

He thought he'd made a mistake and mumbled that he meant nothing by what he'd said, and so forth; but she remarked emphatically that she meant Nothing by what she'd said, too; and, as he walked toward the street, she might possibly have been shelling peas a little faster than before, but not much.

Morris Milford.

#### NO COMPARISON.

BRIGGS. — I wonder if Chicago is more wicked than New York?

GRIGGS. — Gracious, no!

BRIGGS. — Why not?

GRIGGS. — New York has a good many more newspapers.



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#### EVEN UP.

ETHEL SINGLETON — But tell me, dear, does a man get really angry every time he comes home and finds dinner is n't ready?

MRS. BENEDICT (*sweetly*). — Yes; just about as angry as a woman gets every time she has it ready and he *does* n't come home.

#### THE DRAMA IN OKLAHOMA.

TRAGEDIAN (*to fellow-conspirator*). — Hist! Now is the time to act!  
VOICE FROM THE GALLERY. — Wal, w'y'n'ell don't you?

#### TWO SUMMER GIRLS.

CYNTHIA comes equipped to the fight  
With ten trunks in line, and an English maid;  
Her gowns are dreams of a pure delight,  
And her gloves just match them — soft shade, for shade.  
All things are fit and quite *au fait*,  
Save her poor little heart, that beats too fast.  
Will victory, this time, crown the day,  
And perch on her maiden flag, at last?

Phyllis comes as a looker-on  
To this matrimonial field of strife;  
In a sailor hat and a gown of lawn,  
And beautiful, fresh abundant life;  
And men kneel down to her russet shoe  
And fly to answer her slightest call;  
But she does not care what they say or do —  
She is having a lovely time — that 's all!

Back to the town, in sore defeat,  
Doth luckless Cynthia make retreat.  
'T is Phyllis, the wild, unwilling thing,  
Idle and fickle, who wears the ring.

Madeline S. Bridges.



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#### IT HAS GOT THERE AT LAST.

FRIEND. — What's the matter, Igloo? Why are you sitting here, instead of hunting the white bear and the seal?

EX-HEAD OF THE FAMILY. — My wife found some picture papers that that Querry expedition left, and now she says she's a New Woman, and I've got to do the housework after this!





## A NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

ETHEL. — Oh, Mama, look! That man's so heavy his legs are bending under him.

## THE COTTAGE SYNDICATE.

THE FORMATION of the Cottage Syndicate marks a favorable turn in the tide of financial depression and a brighter outlook for the future. It bids fair to be the most successful industrial enterprise of the year.

It was floated at the club the other evening by the aid of several liquid promoters of good cheer and enthusiasm, and has for its object the reducing of the living expenses of its members.

It is a direct and terrific blow, struck by noble and courageous young men at Summer hotel pirates and their exorbitant bills for short Saturday and Sunday outings.

The nucleus of the scheme lay in a casual utterance of Reggy Westend.

"I say, fellows," he remarked to the group around the table by the bay-window in the café;

"I have a good mind to ask a couple of you to spend Sunday

with me at my Aunt's cottage at Newport."

"I accept with pleasure!" cried Jack Ford, eagerly; "and I'll square it with you, old man, by inviting you to my brother-in-law's place at Seabright."

"I'll go with you both," added Charley Hardup. "I know some people at Lenox. We'll work them in. I can take anyone I want to there."

"I'll come in," said Rivers Ide, briefly.

"What have you got?" demanded Reggy Westend.

"My cousin's cottage at Black Rock!" retorted Rivers Ide, with the air of a man who holds four kings and an ace. "One clay and two grass tennis courts, six horses, a sloop yacht, and the finest wine-cellar outside of New York."

"They're good," decided Reggy, quickly.

"Give me a show, too," demanded Barclay Wright. "I know a rich old bachelor who's got a sort of rough shooting box down on Long Island. It ain't much of a place, but it's on salt water, and he'll be no end glad to see us. There's fishing and sailing and hunting, and we'll swim in champagne. We can get there by boat for almost nothing."

"Then we'll go, and that settles it!" said Reggy Westend.

"We elect you. Now one more member, and our limit is reached. We've got to draw the line somewhere."

"I'll join!" volunteered Bob Ogden. "A girl I know has a cottage at Wave Crest. They're Brooklyn people; but," he added hastily, "her father will give us the privileges of the Country Club, and he owns a forty-six footer. We won't need to meet the family much, except at meals."

"That's enough, then; the membership is full," said Reggy Westend.

"Yes; but we have n't enough places to fill in the rest of the Summer," objected Charley Hardup.

"Oh! but by the time we've been to all those other people, don't you think Reggy's aunt will have forgotten our first visit to her?" suggested Jack Ford. "Or that it will only seem to her like the fading im-

pression of some short and disagreeable dream. Why, can't we start in and do the whole round over again?"

"We can! we can!" shouted all the boys.

And then, amid the greatest enthusiasm, three of them tried to ring for the waiter at once; — and the Cottage Syndicate was formed!

Harry Romaine.

## COMPULSORY EXERTION.

"The people here appear to take life very easy," remarked a Northern man, who was sojourning in Arkansas. "Nobody seems to have any work to do. Is there a single busy man in the entire community?"

"Lawd, yes!" replied the native whom he addressed. "Thar 's a feller over in the other side of town that 's got salt rheum and a Waterbury watch."

## ACCURATE.

MR. BORESOM. — What do you think it is in the shade, to-day?

OLD BONDER (*tersely*). — Hot!

## ON THE LAST DAY.

ST. PETER. — Why, how 's this, Gabriel? There are a lot of graves whose occupants have n't gotten up.

ARCHANGEL GABRIEL. — Oh, those were college men, and they're waiting for the very last trump!



SHE. — One half of the world does n't know how the other half lives.

HE. — Well, the half that does n't know is n't composed of women.

ORIGINALITY CONSISTS in knowing who has not heard the old things.



## CASH WANTED.

MR. CITIMAN (*who has brought his family to board at a farmhouse for the Summer; as he comes down stairs after his arrival*). — But I am usually never asked to pay my board in advance. Are you afraid to trust me?

MR. MEDDERS. — No; but ther storekeepers round here be 'fraid to trust me.

# OF SOME USE.

OREGON PACKER. — What is the horse good for?

DEALER. — Well, t' be honest with ye, he 's a little too bony fur mountain trout and not quite tough enough fur corned beef; but he 'd can up like a daisy fur Spring chicken. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

# ON TO THEM.

SONGANDANZ. — Der they recognize the perfesh down ter the Lyceum theatre?

NOCKABOUT. — Yes; dat 's der trouble. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

# THE CELEBRATED

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COUNTRY FATHER. — When I was your age I got up with the lark.  
CITIFIED SON (home on a visit). — Oh, that 's nothing, Father! Us fellows in the city generally keep the lark up all night.



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Should its incumbent snore —  
It 's strange that our inventors  
Have n't thought of it before!  
— *Washington Star.*

# GOOD ADVICE.

LITTLE GIRL. — How did you scratch your nose?

WHEELMAN. — Bicycling.

LITTLE GIRL (thoughtfully). — You should n't ride with your nose so close to the ground. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

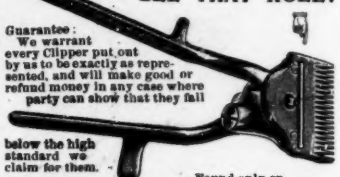
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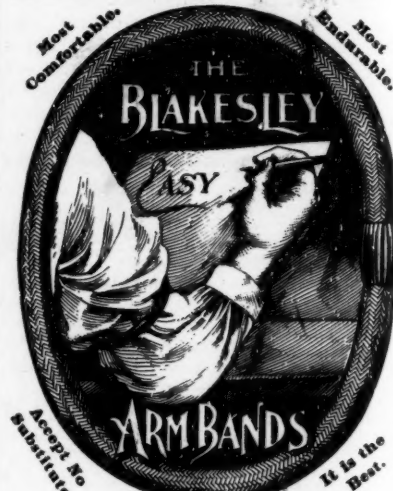
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book store).—What in  
the world are you do-  
ing with all those  
books off the shelves?  
CLERK.—A custo-  
mer was in here a few  
minutes ago and asked  
for a magazine that  
did n't contain any-  
thing about Napo-  
leon.—*Norristown  
Herald.*

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structure as mari-  
mony.—*Detroit Free  
Press.*

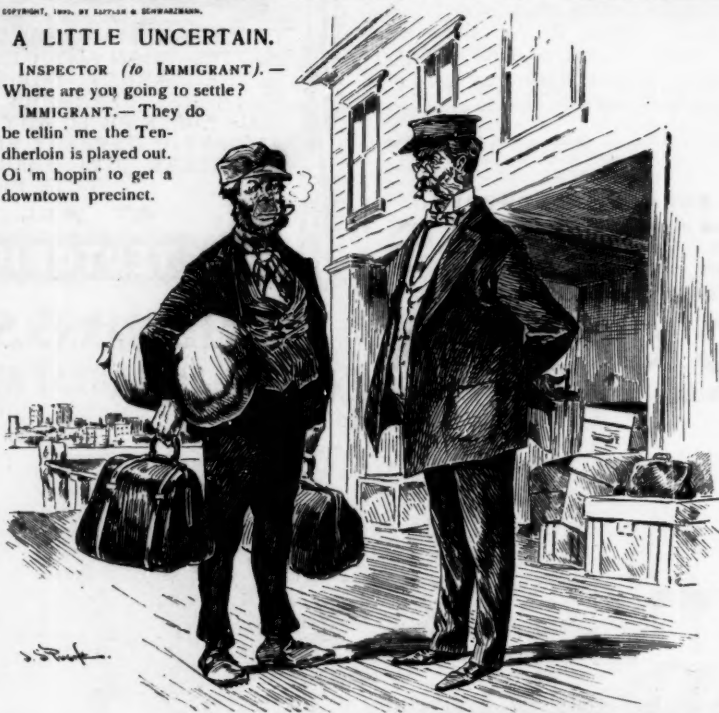
MANY a father-in-law supports his  
daughter to the altar, and supports his  
son-in-law thereafter.—*Adams Freeman.*

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A LITTLE UNCERTAIN.

INSPECTOR (to IMMIGRANT).—  
Where are you going to settle?  
IMMIGRANT.—They do  
be tellin' me the Ten-  
dherloin is played out.  
Oi'm hopin' to get a  
downtown precinct.



HIS APPREHENSION.  
"Did not the fender break your fall?"  
They asked him, in the wreck,—  
"Nay, nay," he answered, "what it  
broke,  
I fear me, was my neck."  
*Washington Star.*

THERE are people who will read so  
many chapters or verses in the Bible and  
call it being religious.—*Ram's Horn.*

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to warm up for all there is in it.—*West Union Gazette.*

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poem," said the edi-  
tor, "'A Desert  
Waste,' but you have  
omitted one word in  
the title."  
"And what word is  
that?" asked the poet.  
"Basket."—*Atlanta  
Constitution.*

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ways bear it in mind  
that at least six other  
men have their eyes  
on his opportunity.—  
*Atchison Globe.*



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Cut This Advertisement Out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you by express for examination this genuine 18k gold plated watch (equal in appearance to solid gold) and a box of 50 of our very finest cigars. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent \$2.00 and they are yours. This is a special offer to introduce our cigars and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sent to each person ordering at this price. The watch is a beauty and would cost you in a retail store twice as much as we offer the clean and watch together for. Mention in your letter whether you want gold or silver.  
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**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured.  
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon Ohio.

### A BORN DETECTIVE.

LITTLE JOHNNY.— I know what the baby is goin' to be w'en he grows up. He's goin' to be a detective.

MOTHER.— Of all things! Because he's so smart?

LITTLE JOHNNY.— No'm. Because he never sleeps.

—N. Y. Weekly.

### SHE WAS ABOVE A BICYCLE.

The Boston girl drew herself up proudly, her glasses all a-tremble.

"I would n't stoop to ride a bicycle!" she said severely.

But that style of riding being no longer in good form, the agent explained that she did n't have to.

—Rockland Tribune.

### Stands Alone.



Anything "just as good" must be itself.  
It took over one hundred years to learn how to do it.  
The Drink of Americans for Americans,  
by Evans.

### AN AGREEABLE CHANGE.

"Three minutes for dinner!" yelled the railroad porter.

"Good!" exclaimed the editor. "The last time it was three dollars!" — Atlanta Constitution.

### FULL OF FEELING.

"What a sensitive fellow Dobbs is!"

"Yes; he's so full of sorrow for the sorrow you feel when he tells you he can not pay the ten dollars he borrowed of you!" — Detroit Free Press.

TEACHER.— Now, Jimmy, if you ate three apples at two cents apiece, then four apples at one cent apiece, what would the cost be?

JIMMY.— Oh, about twelve dollars, I believe. Our doctor is a steep one. — Truth.



Refreshed — Revitalized — good health restored — all from using

## ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine.

As delicious as it is healthful.  
At Druggists.

Prepared by Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. St. Louis, U. S. A. N. Y. Depot, 24-27 West St.  
Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

### EXPLAINED.

"What did you say that young man's name is?" asked Mabel's father.

"Mr. Isaac Oliver Upton," was the reply.

"H'm! I begin to understand."

"To understand what?"

"A remark that was made about Mr. Upton. I was told that he seldom wrote his name in full; that he nearly always used his initials." — Washington Star.

### DISQUALIFIED.

NEW ARRIVAL.— Phwy do not th' Indians be allowed t' vote, Patrick?

CITIZEN.— Sure, it's little they'd know about polyticks. They waz born here. — New York Weekly.

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VIRGINIA.**

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Maj. R. A. MCINTYRE,  
Bethel Academy P. O.

### THE ROSY FRESHNESS

And a velvety softness of the skin are invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

### THE REASON OF IT.

"There is room at the top," said a still, small voice, "because so few of us get there."

At first everybody thought it was the girl graduate reciting her June essay, but it turned out to be the Summer strawberry in his new style of box. — Rockland Tribune.

### HIS ONLY RIVAL.

"I have never yet heard Bunkins say a kind word about anybody," remarked the gossip citizen.

"Neither have I," was the response. He's worse for running people down than a trolley car. — Washington Star.

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an appetizer, use BOKER'S BITTERS.

# Pears'

## Pears' soap is a reason for being clean, as well as the means.

### ELECTRICAL DERMATOLOGY.

Electricity irons out wrinkles and puts in pretty dimples. The enormous strides made by electricity in commerce and industries of late years have almost been paralleled by surgery and Dermatology. The electrolytic needle removes hairs on bearded women; eradicates birthmarks, moles, warts; decomposes tumors, and in its most romantic role manufactures those most desired ornaments of feminine physiognomy, lovely dimples.

One of the new features of electric medication is the introduction of drugs into the human body through the skin, and wonderful have been the operations and cures performed by this method at John H. Woodbury's Dermatological Institute, 127 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Professor Woodbury has become famous the world over for his advanced methods of treating by direct application to the parts affected. One of his simplest yet most effective remedies is a medicated soap, namely, Woodbury's Facial Soap. In washing the hands, face and body with warm water and soap, the pores of the skin are opened and the medicaments in the soap can then act directly upon the affected parts. This remedy is so simple many people scorn it, but by the medical profession it is regarded as one of the most effective remedies known. — New York World.

## Arnold Constable & Co.

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Pajamas, Gloves,  
Smoking Jackets, Golf Hose,  
Neckwear, Umbrellas.

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Many men do it because the nerve centres, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected, that they are weak, tired, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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**NATIONAL JEWELLRY CO.,**  
55 State Street, Chicago, Ill.



I.  
It was an old botanist out with his glass,  
Sing ho! for the study of botan-ee!  
But a fierce, savage foeman tracked him, alas!  
Sing woe! for the study of botan-ee.



II.  
He came at the botanist with a loud yell,  
Sing ho! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!  
And flourished a blunderbuss rusty, as well,  
Sing woe! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man.



III.  
The botanist fled with his glass in his hand,  
Sing ho! for the study of botan-ee!  
The savage hot after him over the sand,  
Sing woe! for the study of botan-ee!



VIII.  
The sun it was hot and the glass it was true,  
Sing ho! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!  
The gun it went off and the savage it slew,  
Sing woe! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!



IV.  
The botanist luckily climbed up a tree,  
Sing ho! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!  
The savage who'd treed him laughed loud in his glee,  
Sing woe! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!



VI.  
And he laid his blunderbuss down on a rock,  
Sing ho! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!  
To play with his prey, to tease and to mock,  
Sing woe! for the bloodthirsty cannibal man!



V.  
"You're a vegetarian, I presume?" said he,  
Sing ho! for the study of botan-ee!  
"I may state," he added, "it's not so with me,  
Sing woe! for the wonders of botan-ee!"



VII.  
But the botanist thought him just then of a plan,  
Sing ho! for the study of botan-ee!  
He focused the glass on the blunderbuss pan,  
Sing ho! for the science of botan-ee!



IX.  
And his class hailed their mentor with halloo and shout,  
Sing ho! for the study of botan-ee!  
This story is true, tho' scoffers may doubt—  
So hurrah! for the wonders of botan-ee!